
Title: Private Journal

Author: Josef Skimmons

*This appears to be
private journal of
Skimmons Josef.*

Bloody old Cousteau keeps
on coming around and
asking me about things I'd
much sooner forget. I
never bloody wanted to
work for that crazed
wench on her blasted
clockwork abominations,
but there weren't much
else I could manage after
the mess that got made
in Skara. Least I got out
of both with my skin
intact. Still, she's trying
to go even further then
we did back then...Lass is
still trying to make that
dead sister of hers proud
I reckon. If we'd had the
kinda things she's trying
to make back then,
nobody could've touched
us. Makes the little
goggles I used to make
look like a kid's toy.